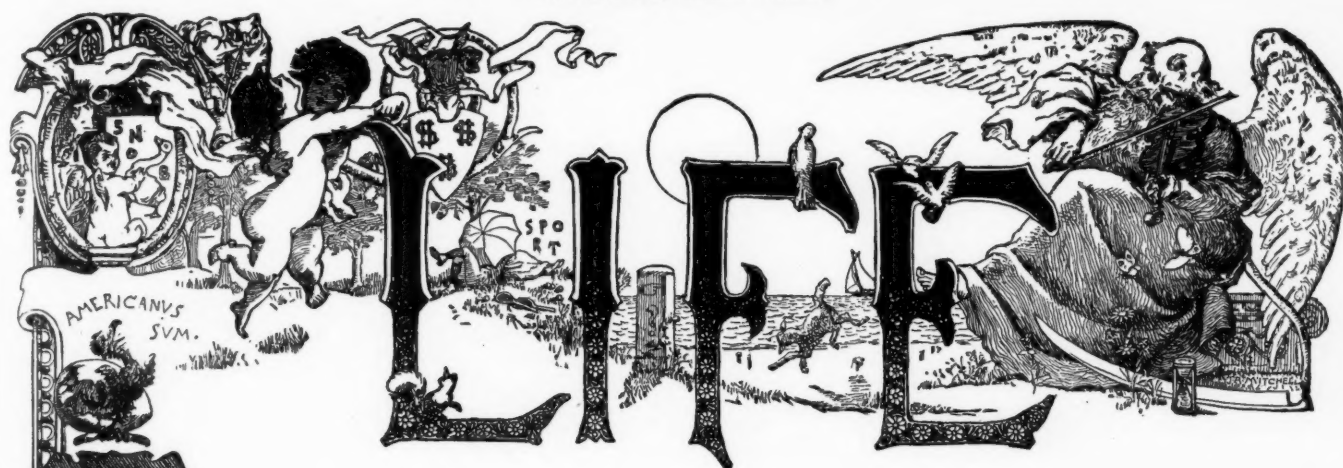


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A CHANGE OF MIND.

"WELL, I AM RELIEVED THAT HE PROPOSED TO YOU."

"RELIEVED?"

"HE TOLD me HE WAS GOING TO KILL HIMSELF."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC BREAKFASTS

TO BE GIVEN FOR THE BENEFIT OF

LIFE'S FRESH-AIR FUND

Musical and Dramatic breakfasts are to be given at the Waldorf-Astoria on the Thursday mornings in January, for the benefit of LIFE'S FRESH-AIR FUND.

The curtain rises at half after eleven, and breakfast will be served at small tables at one o'clock.

If you wish to subscribe to these breakfasts, kindly send your check to LIFE'S FRESH-AIR FUND, Life Building, No. 19 West 31st Street, New York City.

A subscription to the four mornings, including breakfast, is \$14. A few single tickets will be issued to subscribers at \$4 each. Boxes holding four persons, \$16 extra. Single box seats, \$4 extra for the series. The single tickets and boxes can be obtained at 19 West 31st Street.

THE FOLLOWING ARTISTS HAVE KINDLY CONSENTED TO APPEAR DURING THESE MORNINGS:

Miss JULIA ARTHUR and her Company will present "One Touch of Nature."

Miss LYDIA EUSTIS (First appearance professionally in New York).

Victor Herbert's String Orchestra.

Mrs. EMMA JUCH WELLMAN.

Signor GORGOZA.

The Kaltenborn Beyer Hane Quartet.

Mrs. CAROLINE MISKEL HOYT and Company.

Mrs. SIDNEY HARRIS (Recitations).

Mrs. MINNIE MADDERN FISKE and her Company in Comedy.

BURR MCINTOSH in his original play, "The Colonel's Ward."

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

CHARLES COGHLAN, MAURICE BARRYMORE, AUGUSTUS THOMAS and HENRY DIXEY.

JAMES K. HACKETT. Miss JULIE OPP.

(Courtesy Mr. D. FROHMAN.)

The last Thursday will be a Vaudeville morning of extraordinary attractions. Miss CLARA LIPMAN, LOUIS MANN and DAN DALY (through the courtesy of Messrs. LEDERER & MCCLELLAN), HARRY CONNOR and HARRY GILFOIL (courtesy Messrs. HOYT & MCKEE), and several members of Mr. RICE's Company will appear.

There will also be an exhibition of sketches from LIFE. Other attractions will be announced later.

PATRONESSES.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor
Mrs. George P. Andrews
Miss Aymar
Mrs. Muhlenberg Bailey
Mrs. Edmund Baylies
Mrs. James Hude Beekman
Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont
Mrs. F. H. Benedict
Mrs. Charles Berryman
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Mrs. J. Arden Harriman
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Mrs. Archibald Rogers

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Mrs. James Speyer
Mrs. Lorillard Spencer
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Mrs. Walter Watrous
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Mrs. Whitney Warren
Miss Everetta Whitney
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Mrs. Edgerton Winthrop, Jr.
Mrs. John C. Wilmerding
Mrs. Hamilton Fish Webster
Mrs. Eben Wright
Mrs. Seward Webb
Mrs. Henry Payne Whitney
Mrs. Buchanan Winthrop
Mrs. Francis de Ruyter Wissman

·LIFE·



YOU MAY NEGLECT TO MAIL A LETTER OCCASIONALLY WITH IMPUNITY; BUT WHEN YOUR WIFE FINDS HER LAST SUMMER'S LETTER TO YOU *unopened*, THEN LOOK OUT!

Society.

THERE was excellent skating last week in the Park. Moving gracefully over the ice were many of our most fashionable people. Mrs. Lottsmore Stile looked handsome in pale-blue satin; Mrs. Kommunbut Innitt was in yellow satin, covered with yellow gauze, and her *débütante* niece, Miss Blabbie Oldpoint, was in pale-pink satin, covered with pink *mous-seline de soie*, caught up with clusters of pink roses; Mrs. Van Damm Expense was in white satin brocade, with long train of old-rose velvet; Mrs. Olwaiz Thayer in rose-pink satin, with trimmings of white chiffon, spangled with silver, and Mrs. Leeds Thegang in apple-green satin.

Charley Fourinhand wore trousers and a new emerald scarfpin; Heritage Doo-little and F. Tayleurs Dummy looked extremely well; J. Fatuous Chump did not feel like skating and sat on the bank, looking wise.

The Victor.

THREE riders raced on the broad highway:

The Devil, a woman, a man;
And spurring his steed, laughed the Devil gay:

"Come, follow me, ye who can!"

Three riders raced, and the stakes were sin,
Over the broad highway;
And the Devil was second in coming in—
For the woman led the way.

Tom Musson.

Their Own Fault.

THE Administration has bent its mind on the problem of getting food to the Klondike miners, who are believed to be short of supplies and are expected to have empty stomachs before navigation opens in the spring. The idea of starvation is, very properly, repulsive to well-constituted persons, and we will all hope that Uncle Sam's reindeer, oxen, mules, canned food, eggs, bacon, mince-pie and other supplies may reach their destination. All the same, those Klondikers had ample warning of what was ahead, and have none but themselves to blame if they are caught. They ought to be allowed to grow memorably nibblish before their stomachs are filled at the taxpayers' cost.



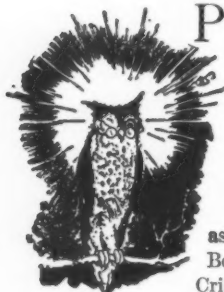
"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXXI. JAN. 13, 1898. No. 787.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance.
Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union,
\$1.04 a year extra. Single copies, 10 cents.

Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

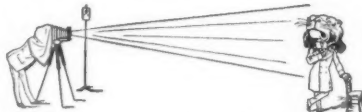
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PERSONS who get their impressions of what Bishop Potter said the other night at the Church Club from newspaper headlines and the titles of editorial articles, may suppose that he made rash remarks. Such lines as "Great Britain's Rule is Best," and "Bishop Potter Criticised," when set in large enough type encourage such a supposition. It does not appear, though, that the Bishop said anything rash at all. "The Churchman's Civic Duties" being under discussion, he quoted the opinion of "a well-known writer, that our country is not likely to be so prosperous again as it was between 1873 and 1893, and he said that he thought the Americans had not the same vigilant interest in government that the English have; that they did not reward good service as they should, and that they seemed somewhat lacking in concern for the "lower strata of society." None of these remarks seems reckless, or adapted to be put under headlines of especial violence. He asked: "Is there a better governed country than England?" and the question suggested the possibility that he thought there wasn't. Of course such an opinion as that borders on heresy, but we musn't be such bigots as not to tolerate it. A good many Americans think that England is better governed than this country. It is almost an ideal country for bishops, and also for persons interested in horse-racing, and for exiled kings and American heiresses. Whether it is quite so advantageous for poor people is more doubtful, for somehow a great many English poor people find this country

attractive and come here to live. Whether the average government of Great Britain, including Ireland, is better than that of the United States, is also open to question; but still, as to England, we know she is very well governed indeed, and it's no harm to say so.

Neither is there any fault to be found with the opinion that we won't again get rich so fast in two decades as some of us did between 1873 and 1893. We hope we may, and some persons of sound mind and good intelligence believe that we will. Others don't. We can't tell until we have tried.



SO there is no fault at all to be found with what Bishop Potter has said, which is more than one can say for some remarks of another American. This person, whose name is John E. Ballaine, lives in Tacoma, and is Adjutant-General of the State of Washington and private secretary to the Governor. Ballaine has published in the *London Chronicle* a letter in which he dissents from certain conclusions disparaging to the American republic, lately disclosed by Editor Stead in his recent book about New York. Stead says New York is typical of American civilization, and that therefore the American republic cannot endure. Ballaine says that New York is typical of Europe, and not of America at all. He seems to believe all Stead says about New York, and knows and says still worse things himself. But he says that all the rest of the country except Chicago is truly American, and good, and sure to prosper. He assures the *Chronicle* that there exists "in the breast of every genuine American an undying hatred of England, especially of her ruling classes," and for himself he declares that, though of undiluted extraction from the Norman invaders of England, with two-thirds of his life still before him, he is lying low for that war between the Americans and the British "which many of us fervently pray may not long be delayed."

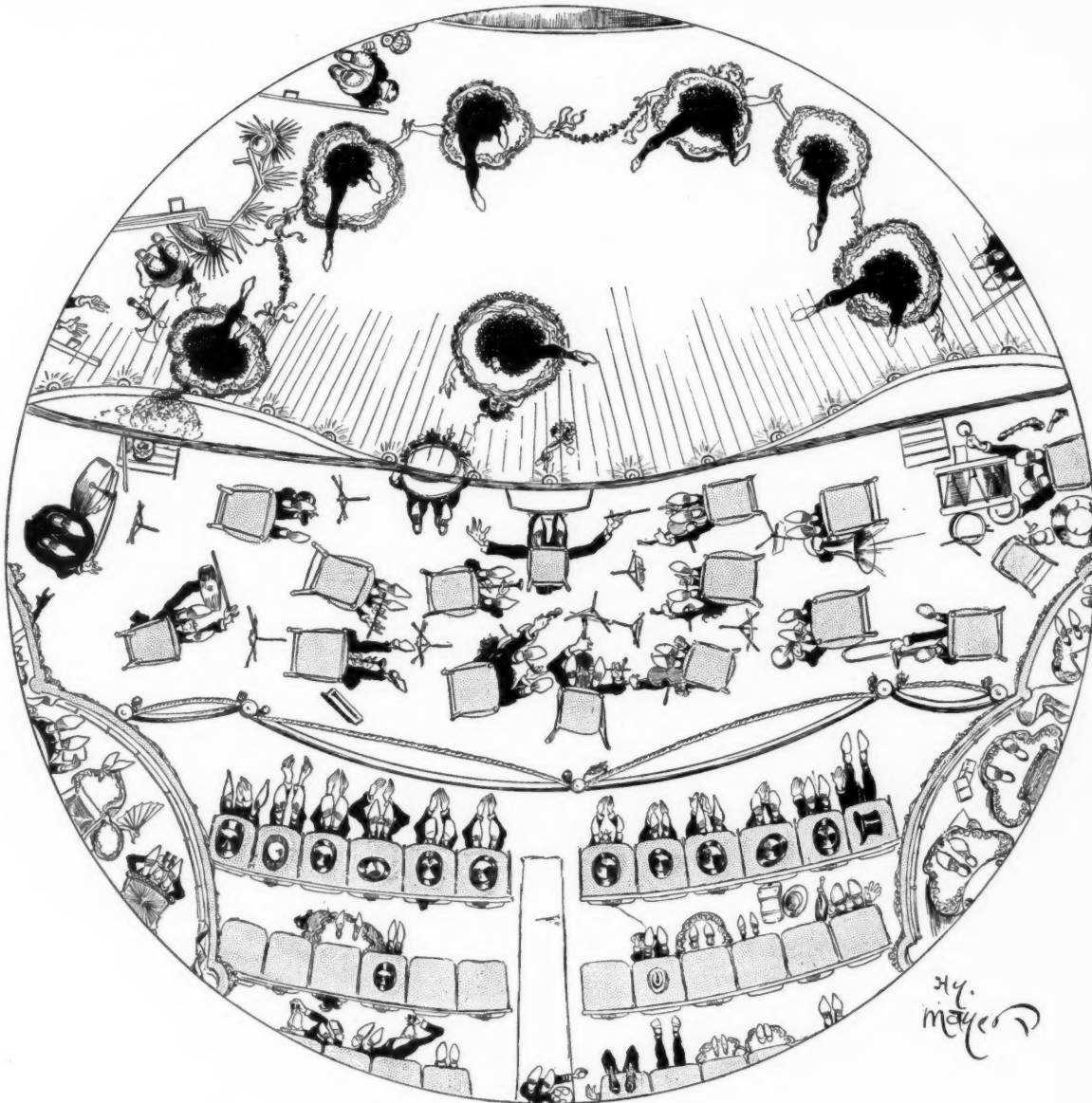
There, Colonel Salisbury! Go get your gun! This young Ballaine is a journalist and thirty years old. On the whole, with his swaggering emptiness of military title, he is a suit-

able person to reply to Stead, who is worth just about such powder as his. So it is well that the *Chronicle* has printed his letter. Let us hope that the *London Times* may have read it, and have come to realize that the primary purpose of the Americans who want to fight England is to get New York pounded up into individual bricks and Manhattan Island cleared for cultivation.



DR. E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS, of Brown University, has expressed himself in favor of free textbooks and free lunches for school children. He wants to have the lunches "palatable, well-cooked, and served under the supervision of the teachers or principal."

Oh, yes! Nothing is too good for the school children. Give them free books and free lunches, by all means. But is that enough? Ought not pensions to be provided for the parents of school children, that they may be the better qualified to provide for the generation on which the hopes of our country rest? To raise the voters and the mothers of the next century is a serious and expensive business. It necessitates the provision of shoes, clothing, and many other costly things. It takes time, too, and involves care. Yet it is a work of indispensable importance. Many persons who would gladly take part in it are hindered by lack of funds; many others who are actually engaged in it are seriously inconvenienced by the expenditures it involves. Surely the great work that is being done for the republic by the parents of schoolable children should be recognized, and the recognition should be handsome and substantial. A pension to the parents of every child in school would tend to popularize marriage, and would be an inducement for thrifty persons to raise large families. At present large families are too apt to fall to the improvident, while careful people have too few children. This new distribution of funds would set that evil right. Dr. Andrews's plan helps the case a good deal, but it does not go far enough. A pension for parents, increasing in direct ratio to the number of children in school, is what we ought to have.



WORM'S-EYE VIEWS OF US.
AT A THEATRE.

Speak, Richard!

COME, Richard, Richard Croker, 'tis of thee that I would sing.
They say that thou hast money, who never did a thing!
They say thou art illiterate, but Richard, what's the odds?
Most men would sell their learning for a group of gilded gods.
What is it, Richard Croker, that's the secret of thy might?
For we are so much weaker, who stand for truth and right.
We quibble, Richard Croker, there is discord in our ranks;

There seems to be no system in disposing of the cranks.
Does education thus confuse, and culture all befog,
Abashing us before the children of an emerald bog?
Does discipline of colleges produce an edge too fine
To stand before the bludgeons swung so true by thee and thine?
Come, Richard, Richard Croker, thou raw man of the hour,
Pray tell us what's the secret of thy universal power.

Tom Masson.



The Harvard Swell in Fiction.

THE College man has "found himself" with a vengeance in the past few years, and has been very busy telling the rest of the world what he is like, now that he is discovered. Most of his self-revelations in the form of college stories have been pleasant reading—with the zest of youth in them and a wholesome spirit of fun, dashed with athletics and tempered by sentiment.

But this finding oneself is a dangerous business. It made the early stories of New England life charming, and the later ones painful. The same sort of thing seems to be happening to the college story, if one may judge by Charles Maccomb Flandrau's "Harvard Episodes" (Copeland & Day). The Harvard man is here depicted as a very introspective being, and the deeper he looks the less is he pleased with the prospect.

No ordinary man is quite as old at sixty as these Harvard heroes are at twenty. They must have been born old and tired to have reached the *blasé* maturity of these episodes. Their parents ought to feel like grandchildren, and skip with glee that youth has robbed old age of its terrors.

* * *

MR. FLANDRAU'S Harvard man is totally different from any previous specimens who have been let loose to associate with ordinary mortals in great cities. The type looked on with most awe is called the "gentleman." No such thing as a "good fellow" or "regular trump" is tolerated in the "higher" circles. If you really belong to the awesome type you may with impunity treat your club comrades like a boor, make insulting remarks to one

of your "inferiors" who tries to be pleasant to you, throw things, lie on your back on the club table, and swagger around generally like James J. Corbett. At any rate, that is the kind of man depicted in "Wolcott, the Magnificent."

As for such a vulgar thing as one college man "putting his paws" on another man's shoulders in a show of good-fellowship, it would not be tolerated an instant. It *does* happen in other colleges, as one of the heroes remarks; and he is careful to add: "But I didn't go to any other college; I'm damned glad I didn't—everybody always is."

* * *

ANOTHER of the unpardonable offenses in a Harvard man, according to Mr. Flandrau, is the possession of "feelings." The unimpeachable *Haydock* rather admires the real thing when it comes his way, but sadly says: "It isn't given to many of us to have real, sure-enough feelings around here in college. Nothing ever seems to happen that makes enough difference one way or the other." And then he loftily lets his mother into his confidence by saying: "Other places may need that sort of thing; this one doesn't."

All you blubbering Yale and Princeton men, bear this in mind when you feel inclined to burn a little powder and kindling-wood over beating Harvard! They don't mind defeat, or victory, either. Nothing makes any difference. Save your fireworks for victories that count!

* * *

FRANKLY, it's a pity that Mr. Flandrau has taken this attitude in his stories. He shows a decided talent for story-telling of a comedy kind in "The Class Day Idyll," and there is real pathos of a manly type in "Wellington." The writing is clear-cut, epigrammatic, and, when entirely emancipated from Kipling and Davis, it

ought to be a useful style for narrative fiction.

For the rest, the real Harvard man can better stand the lack of verity in these types than any other collegian. As the author says, he has "written about a very little corner of a very great place."

Droch.

OUR thanks again to the eminent artists who are contributing so generously and successfully, in time, in talent and in labor, to the Dramatic Breakfasts in aid of LIFE's Fresh-Air Fund.

Tickets for the remaining three Breakfasts may be obtained at LIFE Office, Nineteen West Thirty-First Street.

IN a recent review in LIFE of Mark Twain's "Following the Equator," credit was given to Messrs. Doubleday & McClure as the publishers. This was an error, as the general publishers of "Following the Equator" are the American Publishing Company, Hartford, Messrs. Doubleday & McClure being the agents for New York and vicinity.

To Insure Payment.

PRUYN: Is it true that the congregation played progressive euchre to decide the price of the pews at your annual rental?

MISS WAITE: Yes; our pastor hoped it might tend to make the pew rents debts of honor.

THE man who takes things as they come generally finds some good in his collection.

IF women would only love us for our faults, we might count on their unswerving fidelity.

Life's Polar Expedition.



HOME at last!

After a series of delightful adventures, good dinners, and the society of congenial spirits, all interspersed with hard labor on his new book and course of lectures, Commander Hornblower has arrived on the *Same Old Game*, none the worse for wear.

Every preparation has been made for the Commander's safe return, and the series of social events, the round of dinners, at which some of our well-known orators will unite to do homage to the intrepid explorer, and the well-worded puffs in the papers, will all combine to advertise the great man in advance, and help to swell the receipts



LIFE'S POLAR EXPEDITION.—“Had it not been for our horseless carriage.”

of his lecture tour.

“After we left the Pole,” said the Commander, “we had considerable trouble in finding the *Same Old Game*, and had it not been for our horseless carriage we might be roaming around there yet. We were enabled, however, to cover a great deal of snow in a short time, and after several hours of search we sighted our Arctic home. Arriving on board, we headed her south, and arrived without accident or incident. In passing Boston, however, the cold became so intense that we suffered greatly, and my typewriter, Miss Bunker, was obliged to stop work on the last chapters of my book.”

The first event of importance was the reception given to Commander Hornblower by Mrs. Knightly-Gadding, which was reported for days in advance in the society columns of all the newspapers, and was not only an unqualified success, but a fit prelude to the Commander's lecture tour. Ladies and young girls vied with each other to approach the presence of the Conqueror of the North, several fainting dead away and others being quite severely injured. To be martyrs in such a cause, however, is an honor, and they did not mind it.

The reception was followed by a dinner at the Lotus Club, which Major Pond considers is necessary to properly exploit every great man.

Commander Hornblower is now on his lecture tour. “I never enjoyed myself more,” he writes. “I am making twenty-two dol-



LIFE'S POLAR EXPEDITION.—Commander Hornblower's First Lecture.



Reception to Commander Hornblower.

lars a minute, and am being idolized with that hysterical abandon that is administered only to the Arctic explorer."

William of Germany.

THIS gentleman, who at present is engaged in visiting and redeeming his people, and incidentally the various other nations that are not able to cope with his standing army and navy, is not only King among Kings, but is *the* King among Emperors, Queens, Kings, and other high potentates of the earth. He not only believes himself to be of divine origin, but has evidently impressed others with the same thought. His brother, on the eve of his departure for China, recently said:

Most serene emperor, most powerful king and lord, illustrious brother: . . . To your majesty the imperial crown came with thorns . . . I raise my glass and call to those who, with me, enjoy the happy privilege of being permitted to go forth, to remember this day, to impress on their minds the person of the emperor, to let the cry resound far out into the world: Our most serene, mighty, beloved emperor, king and master forever and ever. Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

No wonder there are so many German immigrants to the United States.

How He Gets It.

BROWNE: Old De Soaque seems to have the wisdom of the serpent.

TOWNE: Yes; the result of constant association.

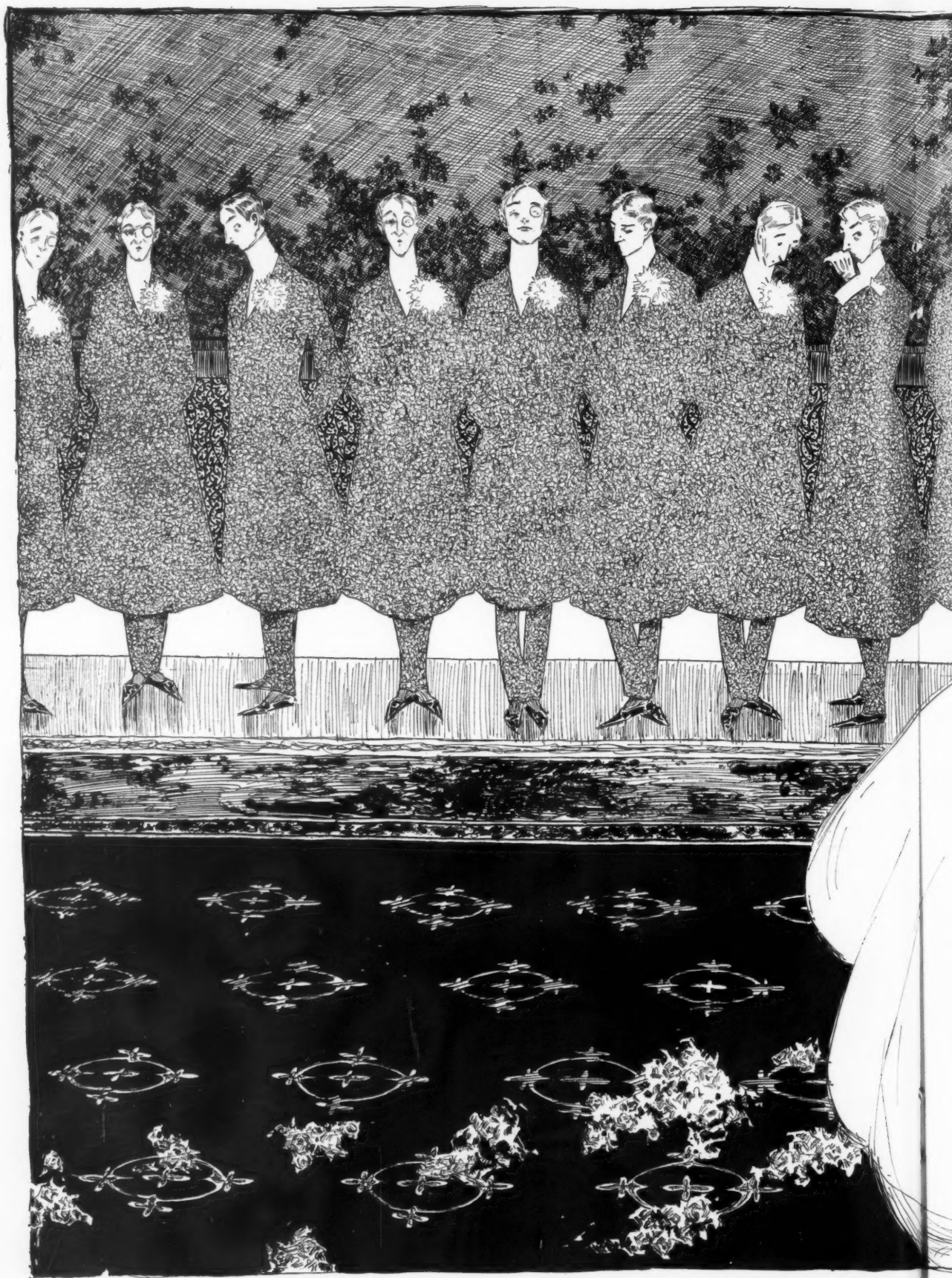
RECENT reports indicate that the difference of opinion between the Presbyterian Church in the United States and the Princeton Inn has been settled adversely to the Inn. The trustees of the University are stated to have issued formal instructions to the faculty of Princeton to enforce, literally, strictly and impartially, this law:

"No student shall bring, or cause to be brought into college, or keep in his room, any spirituous or fermented liquors; nor shall he frequent any place where intoxicating liquors are sold as a beverage."

The enforcement of this regulation will not necessarily close the Inn, but apparently it must cause it either to give up its license or to get along without the trade and company of the Princeton undergraduates. There is no reason to suppose that it will make for decreased consumption of intoxicants in Princeton, but it demonstrates the strength of Presbyterian sentiment on the rum question, the ascendancy of Presbyterian influence in Princeton University, and the exceptional ability of the American Presbyterians in beating the devil around the stump.



WILLIAM OF GERMANY.







Shakespeare, Rice and Potter.

THIS town is in no great danger of getting an overdose of Shakespeare, so it seems a pity that the little we do have should be bunched as it was last week. Two excellent productions of "As You Like It," both going on at once, seem a willful waste when contrasted with our usual woful lack.

In the circumstances, the temptation to compare and contrast Mr. Daly's "As You Like It" and Miss Rehan's *Rosalind* with Miss Marlowe's rendering of the play and part is almost irresistible. Both presentations are good, and, while the palm for excellence of production must be given to Mr. Daly, it is not to be inferred that the other is deficient in staging, costuming, or the acting by Miss Marlowe's company. Compared member by member, Mr. Daly's cast shows far better training and greater acquaintance with the work. Naturally, the members of his company act together with a smoothness sometimes lacking in Miss Marlowe's support.

Between the two *Rosalinds* the judgment is as difficult as that of Paris, for the Minerva is divided between Miss Rehan and Miss Marlowe, while the qualities of the Juno go to the former and of the Venus to the latter. The advantage of years is, of course, with Miss Marlowe, as well as that of personal beauty. In a youthful character like that of *Rosalind* these advantages count for much. Both ladies are afflicted with mannerisms, but those of Miss Marlowe are less noticeable and are less serious blemishes on the performance. In the art employed Miss Rehan is easily Miss Marlowe's superior, and she reads her lines, if not with greater understanding, at least with greater power of bringing home their meaning to those who hear her.

Seeing both performances is a liberal education in the art of Shakespeare, for each rendering brings out hidden beauties in one of his most charming plays, and each gains by contrast.

* * *

OF a radically different type is the latest venture of Mr. Edouard Evangeline Rice. When Mr. Rice undertakes anything in the stage line he always, like the careful builder that he is, makes sure of his foundation first. In the present instance there is absolutely no fault to be found with the underpinning of his chorus ladies, which is quite as it should be, seeing that the name of the piece is "The Ballet Girl." The decorations provided by the artisans are also effective, the tights and other accessories being not only of every hue of the rainbow, but also of hues and tints never dreamed of by the rainbow in its wildest imagination. Proceeding further, it may be said that neither the music nor the lines of the piece are especially pleasing. With so much energy devoted to making the minor ladies of the company beauteous, symmetrical, and attractively unclad, it is not to be expected that much attention could be paid to the principals, and there isn't.

* * *

THERE is much that is absolutely indecent in "The Conquerors" at the Empire, but there are also some powerful situations, and the story of the play is an absorbing one. As a whole, the piece is a fair sample of what Mr. Charles Frohman

thinks the New York public likes. The settings are gaudy and brilliant, music of the shivery sort helps out the thrilling episodes, a waltz-song with a whistling chorus and a can-can are introduced; there are the fetching uniforms of Prussian Uhlans to heighten the effects; there is the love-making between a coquettish *ingenue* and her soldier lover which Mr. Gillette used so successfully in his military pieces; in short, there are very few things in his whole bag of tricks which Mr. Frohman has not tacked on to Mr. Potter's dramatic story. It lacks only a gambling scene and a real tank to be absolutely perfect.

Miss Viola Allen comes back to the heart of the Tenderloin as *Yvonne de Grandpré*, a French young person whose ancestral halls are in possession of a detachment of German officers and soldiers. These make merry with the ancestral wines, and invite their lady friends of the camp to dine in the precincts hitherto sacred to virginal purity and priestly sanctity. The consequent scenes are more hilarious than decorous, but will give the matinée girls who frequent the Empire an excellent idea of the temptations to which our militiamen are exposed when they are ordered on strike duty. The plot hinges on the presence at Grandpré of *Yvonne's* brother, *Hugo*, in the uniform of a German officer, and on her own remarkable ignorance about having stubbed her toe. The interest is kept up by the danger of death always imminent to her brother and to a German officer with whom she has fallen in love. Artistic requirements would kill one or both, but Empire audiences do not care to have their stage heroes killed, so they are both inartistically kept alive.

"The Conquerors" is entertaining in itself, and is especially interesting in the present state of theatricals, as showing Mr. Charles Frohman's highest ideal of dramatic art. *Melcalfe.*



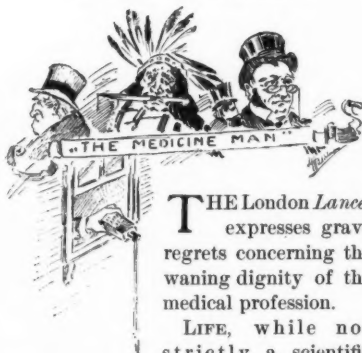
"SO YOU WRITE POETRY. MUCH MONEY IN THAT LINE OF BUSINESS NOW?"



"BEASTLY HOT WEATHER, ISN'T IT?"

"HORRIBLE! WHY, THE ICE HAS BEEN MELTED OUT OF MY WHISKERS FOR MORE THAN A WEEK."

A Modest Opinion.



THE *London Lancet* expresses grave regrets concerning the waning dignity of the medical profession.

LIFE, while not strictly a scientific journal, may nevertheless be able to offer a few words in explanation of this mystery.

Firstly—and we say it with bated breath—the medical profession, in certain of its methods, is from four to six centuries behind the times. Its attitude toward the laity regarding the sanctity of the profession created a certain awe during the middle ages which the printing press has shown a tendency to dispel. But physicians refuse to recognize this. They still administer their prescriptions in cabalistic signs, and are still unwilling to inform the patient as to the nature of the medicine he takes. This is resented by the nineteenth century citizen. He is older than he was in 1400.

He has learned that certain drugs are not only useless, but often injurious in his own particular case. But the practitioner of to-day—as in 1400—has little respect for the opinion of a layman. In fact, it irritates him.

Lawyers also might keep their clients in anxious ignorance until the verdict was pronounced. And architects would avoid endless annoyance and criticism if the client could know nothing of his house until he saw it completed. But lawyers and architects recognize a greater intelligence among the people since 1400. Were it otherwise, they also might have experienced a loss of influence such as the *Lancet* is called upon to mourn.

Another cause of this fading glory may possibly exist in a proneness to fads. The nervous haste—we might say hysterical enthusiasm—with which the medical profession adopts and puts in practice interesting theories is a constant marvel to the average citizen. Cold water baths, oatmeal, blue glass, kumiss, Pasteur, food without exercise, exercise without food, Koch's lymph, anti-toxin, and countless other faiths, have all been eagerly embraced and hotly maintained. At present the appendix is the idol of the hour. There seems, in fact, a constant struggle between medical discovery and common sense.

"Le Style, c'est l'Homme."

"STYLE, 'tis the man."

But, oh! when bills are due,
The hapless husband cries
"Tis woman, too!"

THE *London Times* thinks it thinks that Uncle Sam's real use for more ships is to fight England with. That isn't so. If we need more ships for anything, it is for literary purposes. We haven't navy enough for the use of writers who get up Battle-of-Dorking stories for the magazines. There is a war with Spain now running in one esteemed ten-cent monthly contemporary, which is out of pictures simply because the present resources of our navy have been exhausted.

No, good Thunderer, we don't want to fight England on the sea—no, not a little bit. What is more, we don't want to have any reason to want to fight England or anyone else. Some persons who believe in a fairly good navy for Uncle Sam hold that a decent provision of warships is a cheap safeguard against the occurrence of an excuse to fight. It is a great deal cheaper and more satisfactory to have the ships and no excuse than to have the excuse and too few ships. All we want of ships is to furnish pictures and statistics for magazine stories and to keep off war.

THE man who can realize his own limitations is in a fair way to extend them.

ANTONY McFAKE deGAUL

THE CELEBRATED
EUROPEAN NOVELIST.AUTHOR OF
Oh My Love!
Mrs Jamieson's Crime.
Can She Forget Him.
etc.WILL BE SEEN
THINKING
AT
BLARNEGIE HALL

MARCH 18th

From 8 to 10 P.M.

Admission — SEVEN DOLLARS

The Nursery of Navies.

MASSACHUSETTS is proud of many things—her poets, her weather, her golden codfish—but her bosom swells and ebbs most tumultuously when she recalls her defenders.

Her cadets, lancers, and artillerymen make nations tremble; her colonels are the glory of fairs and seminars; and even her ordinary soldiers recall

the Macedonian phalanxes at the Hydaspes. She glows when she remembers the tarry battalions of her Naval Reserve. Well may she point proudly to men who, scorning

death, have slept twenty-four hours continuously on the *Texas*; men who attack lobster-scouse and champagne with all the reckless deviltry of buccaneers. Roosevelt, who has unquittingly faced cops, chased grizzlies, and effaced office-seekers, shuddered when he looked upon these deep-sea devils, and murmured: "They are magnificent,

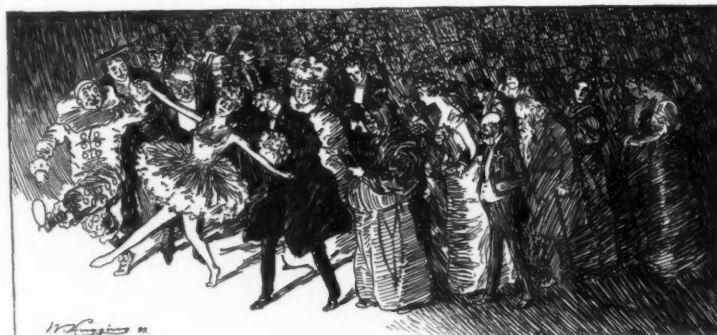
but not men-of-war." Yet even these salt-saturated sea-dogs hide their diminished heads when the bespectacled crew of the staunch ship *Enterprise* heaves in sight.

Massachusetts recognizes that naval supremacy is power; she knows what the lack of a navy has reduced Kansas and Nevada to. In her floating naval university she has the germs of mundane dominance, and knows that she has floating on her waters a factory to turn out Farraguts and Van Tromps enough to fill orders for all the world.

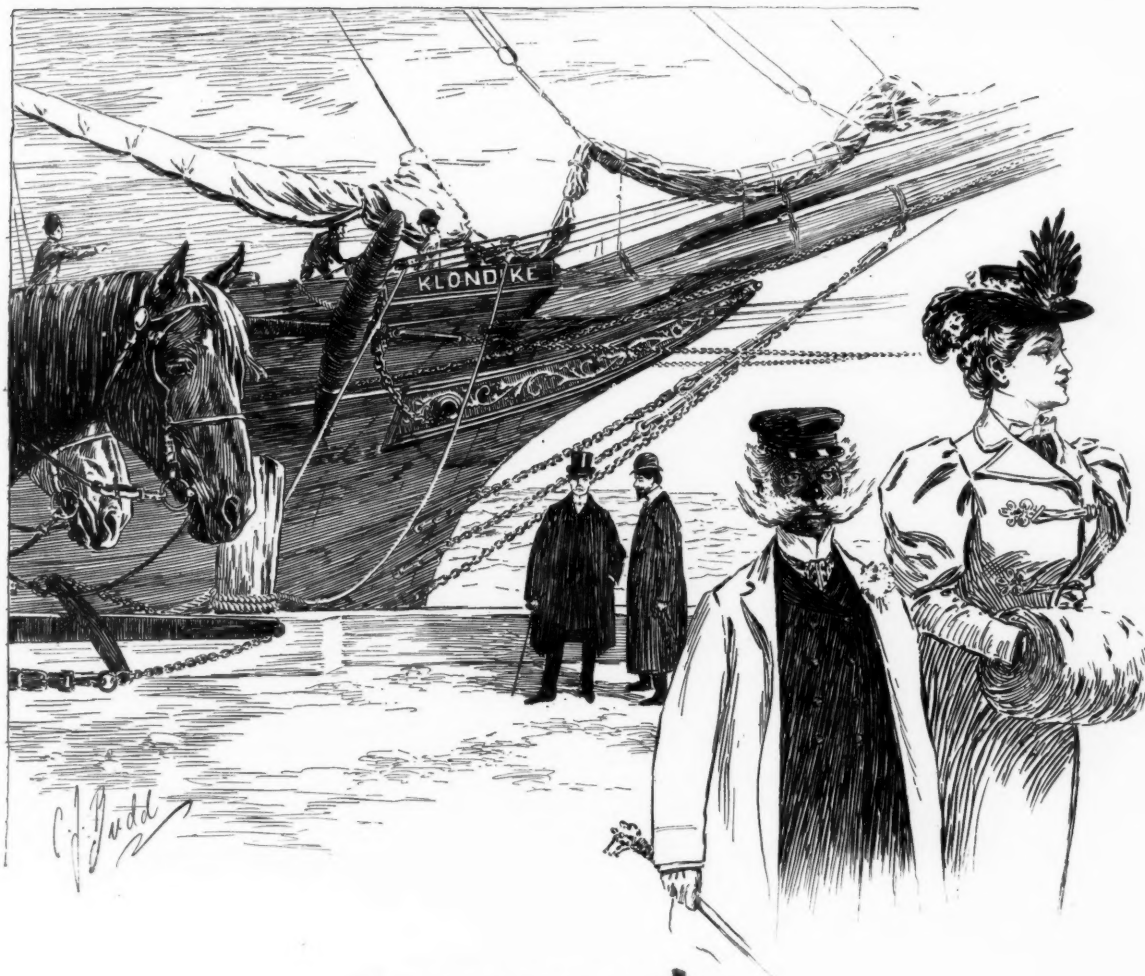
Like a hound in leash the *Enterprise* tugs at her wharf, month in and month out, breaking in her cadets to the horrors of *mal de mer*, awaiting the hour when her Governor-Admiral, his colonels and a brass band will pass down the streets of Boston, to hurl ship and crew out into the stormy ocean. That is a fateful day in Boston when its naval nursery sails away beyond Moon Island and far Nantasket; when weeping mothers sob on the wharf amid the fragrance of the mackerel fleet.

Before the anchor is "hey"—as we say in Boston—the glittering throng passes on board the *Enterprise*; the antiseptic fo'c'sle is examined; the individual hammock is tested—the summer tandem hammock is tabooed; the beanpots—models of 1649—are inspected by the Board of Health; and the young Vikings are sent aloft and aloft—sometimes as aloft as the starboard derrick abaft the pantry—to show how Neptune is conquered.

The Governor-Admiral has the murmur of tides and oceans in his hot Pilgrim blood, and passionately loves the music of the seas. He recalls how the Phœnicians and Cape Codders sang as they spliced the main brace, and he demands a "Shanty." The tawny-eared bos'n drops the *Transcript* to pipe all hands to the parlor; a pale young pirate lays aboard the piano; the *chef* abandons the galley; the bronzed seamen adjust their eyeglasses; the music-logs are opened; and the Hope of Massachusetts thrills the



"THE PASSING SHOW."



"WHAT ON EARTH DID SHE MARRY HIM FOR?"
"NOTHING ON EARTH. HE'S A SHIPOWNER."

grand old timbers of the *Enterprise* with the passionate war-songs of Chautauqua.

With heaving bosom and moist eye the Governor-Admiral turns to his colonels and mutters huskily: "Gentlemen! Lead me to Parker's! Let Nicaragua storm and Persia threaten; we defy them! The *Enterprise* and her crew still stand between Massachusetts and her foes!"

Then, amid the thunder of three-pounders the gay procession hustles to the wharf, the anchor is weighed, the snowy canvas spread, and the good ship goes down the bay in stately beauty, skillfully avoiding the islands and tugboats, and so out into the pathless deep at a remorseless four-knot gait.

She goes to foreign lands, that foreign aggression may be curbed and foreign militarism awed; she goes to show England

and France that Massachusetts is still in it, and has her eye on the earth.

Well may the Bay State be proud!

Joseph Smith.

A Fool and His Advertisement.



A CURIOUS misapprehension in business is disclosed by certain large and conspicuous pictorial advertisements which abound on contemporaneous dead walls, representing a child saying its prayers and asking "Give us this day our daily soap!" It is, of course, a gross breach of taste, not to say decency, to use such a picture and such a legend in an advertise-

ment, but it fails also as a business expedient, since pretty much everyone, of whatever preference in belief or disbelief, reverences the prayers of a child, and of those who don't, very few have any regard or use for soap, or would take it as a gift. The soapmaker, therefore, who has so offended propriety with his pictures, has also over-reached himself in business, which is very gratifying and just as it should be.

BE cautious in forming a too hasty opinion of the man who pleases you at first; you may like him just as well when you know him better.

THE devil is not such a bad fellow—he always comes to us when all other friends fail.



THE surgeon amputates one leg
While patient "hollers,"
Then deftly pulls the other one
For about \$200.

AMONG the legends connected with the great Cardinal Borromeo, the following is told to visitors to the huge palace of that ancient family on the Borromeo Islands in the Italian Lakes. When Cardinal Borromeo had shown to Cardinal Giulio the vast abode which he had just completed, the latter maintained a strict silence until they had inspected the whole. When departing, he said: "Your Eminence, I have been reflecting that the huge sums spent on this palace might have been given to the poor." Cardinal Borromeo replied: "Your Eminence, they have been given to the poor. But our notions of charity differ. I pay the poor for their labor, and Your Eminence for their idleness."—*Argonaut*.

"I NEVER saw a man so cut up as old Rox is over the death of his bookkeeper. And yet you have always said that he had no heart and regarded his employees as mere machines."

"I'll tell you something on the quiet. The bookkeeper was about three thousand dollars behind in his accounts and old Rox was keeping him on and making him work it out."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

CONTROVERSIES about Scotch dialect are notoriously dangerous affairs, but Mark Twain, in his new book, "More Tramps Abroad," throws new light on their management. He is telling of a discussion at the table d'hôte about the way in which the Scotch peasantry pronounce the word "three":

The solitary Scot was having a sultry time of it, so I

thought I would enrich him with my help. In my position I was necessarily quite impartial, and was equally as well and as ill-equipped to fight on the one side as the other. So I spoke up and said the peasantry pronounced it three, not thraw. It was an error of judgment. There was a moment of astonished and ominous silence, then weather ensued. The storm rose and spread in a surprising way, and I was snowed under in a very few minutes. It was a bad defeat for me; a kind of Waterloo. It promised to remain so, and I wish I had had better sense than to enter upon such a forlorn enterprise. But just then I had a saving thought, at least a thought that offered a chance. While the storm was still raging I made up a Scotch couplet, and then spoke up and said:

"Very well, don't say any more, I confess defeat. I thought I knew, but I see my mistake. I was deceived by one of your Scotch poets."

"A Scotch poet! Oh, come! Name him."

"Robert Burns."

It is wonderful the power of that name. These men looked doubtful—but paralyzed all the same. They were quite silent for a moment; then one of them said—with the reverence in his voice which is always present in a Scotchman's tone when he utters the name:—

"Does Robbie Burns say—what does he say?"

"This is what he says:

"There was nae bairns but only three—
One at the breast, twa at the knee."

It ended the discussion. There was no man there profane enough, disloyal enough, to say any word against a thing which Robert Burns had settled. I shall always honor that great name for the salvation it brought me in this time of my sore need.

It is my belief that nearly any invented quotation,



J. B. LIPPINCOTT AND COMPANY: PHILADELPHIA AND LONDON.

Men, Women and Manners in Colonial Times. 2 vols. By Geo. Fisher.

A Damsel Errant. By Amélie Rives.

A Son of Israel. By "Rachel Penn."

A Queen of Hearts. By Elizabeth Phipps Train.

Chalmette. By Clinton Ross.

F. TENNYSON NEELY: LONDON AND NEW YORK.

A Novelette Trilogy. By T. C. DeLeon.

Just a Summer Affair. By Mary Adelaide Keeler.

Petronilla the Sister. By Emma Homan Thayer.

DREXEL BIDDLE: PHILADELPHIA.

Shantytown Sketches. By Anthony J. Drexel Biddle.

The Flowers of Life. By Anthony J. Drexel Biddle.

The Second Froggy Fairy Book. By Anthony J. Drexel Biddle.

The Manslaughter of Delishya!! By Merrick O. Reilly. Westminster: The Roxburg Press.

A Man and a Woman. By Stanley Waterloo. Chicago: Way and Williams.

Eating and Drinking. By Albert Harris Hoy, M. D. Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company.

played with confidence, stands a good chance to deceive. There are people who think that honesty is always the best policy. This is a superstition; there are times when the appearance of it is worth six of it.

—*New York Evening Post*.

"Did Miss Flavilla seem pleased when you asked her to go to the theatre?"

"Pleased? She wanted to keep the tickets for fear something might happen to me."—*Chicago Record*.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opéra, Paris; Saarbach's News Exchange, 1 Clarastrasse, Mayence, Germany, Agents for Germany, Austria and Switzerland.



Divide a cake of Ivory Soap
with a stout thread and
you have two perfectly
formed cakes of conven-
ient size for the toilet.

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The "Popular Shop."

THE REGULAR JANUARY SALE
OF UNIQUE FOREIGN FURNITURE
&
QUAINT DECORATIVE ACCESSORIES,
(Collected abroad by Mr. McHugh)
at the very substantial discount of
TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT.
from the price plainly marked on each article.
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"Liberty" Pottery, Carved Black Oak Chairs & Tables, Dutch Mugs & Jugs, Flemish & Russian Works in Metal, Hungarian Textiles, Furniture & Pottery, Draught Screens in "Liberty" Fabrics, Wall Paper Gift Boxes, & London made Furniture of Inlaid Mahogany.

ON THE MEZZANINE FLOOR.

Easy Chairs & Settees in "Liberty" Fabrics, Colonial Mirrors, Etruscan Jars & Vases, "Liberty" Silk Curtains, Down Filled Coverlets & Cushions, Dhurrie & Colonial Rugs.

Timely Inspection is Cordially Invited.

Joseph P. McHugh & Co.,

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MAIDS, WIVES, AND WIDOWS
ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS
LORDS OF CREATION

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Turtle Oil Soap
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Wood Violet.

In Twenty Minutes

delicious soup may be made by using as "stock"

Armour's

Extract of BEEF

Instead of the old-fashioned soup-bone, and, in addition, time and fuel—and frequently temper—will be saved. The result will be a beautifully clear soup, possessed of a delightful flavor, and entirely free from grease. That instructive little book, "Culinary Wrinkles," mailed free upon application.

Armour & Company, Chicago.

Eau De Cologne

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WILLIAM'S SHAVING SOAPS

Williams' Shaving Stick, 25 cts.
Yankee Shaving Soap, 10 cts.
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Williams' Shaving Soap (Barbers'), 6 Round Cakes, 1 lb., 40c. Exquisite also for Toilet. Trial Cake for 2c. stamp.

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THE LATHER HAS MADE THEM FAMOUS

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LONDON
64 Great Russell St.
SIDNEY
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Williams' Soaps are for sale everywhere, but if your dealer does not supply you, we will mail them to any address, post paid, on receipt of price.



9 Cliff St., New York, Sept. 15th, 1896.

We have purchased S. RAE & CO.'S FINEST SUBLIME LUCCA OIL at retail in the open market, and have submitted samples so obtained to careful chemical analysis.

We find the oil to be PURE OLIVE OIL unadulterated by admixture with any other oil or other substance. It is free from rancidity, and all other undesirable qualities, and it is of SUPERIOR QUALITY AND FLAVOR.

THE LEDOUX CHEMICAL LABORATORY.

A. R. Ledoux Pres.

Est. 1836.

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ESTERBROOK'S STEEL PENS,



The Best Pens Made.

LEADING NUMBERS:

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Ask your Stationer for 'ESTERBROOK'S'

THE ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO.,
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(Trade Mark)



Patent Collar and Cuff Button

None genuine except with the name "BENEDICT," and date of patent stamped upon it! Strong, durable and can be adjusted with perfect ease.

14 K't Gold.....\$1.75 and \$2.00 each.
10 K't Gold.....\$1.50 and \$1.75 each.
Rolled Gold and Silver at 50c. each.

Sent by mail on receipt of above prices.

BENEDICT BROS., Jewelers,
BROADWAY AND CORTLANDT STREET, NEW YORK
Send for Full Descriptive Circular.

8 BEAUTIFUL ETCHINGS

ILLUSTRATING
AMERICAN SCENERY AND
AMERICAN ACHIEVEMENT*

☆ ☆ ☆ ON ☆ ☆ ☆
"AMERICA'S GREATEST RAILROAD"*

An Illustrated Catalogue

Containing miniature reproductions will be sent free post paid on receipt of one 2 ct. stamp, by George H. Daniels, Gen'l. Pass'r. Agt. Grand Central Station, New York.

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Cheap, Strong and Durable.

Will Hold 26 Numbers.

Mailed to any part of the United States for

\$1.00.

Address office of "LIFE,"

19 West Thirty-first Street, New York.

ORIENT \$550 CRUISE FEB. 5, 1898.
SS. "ALLER." All shore excursions included. F. C. CLARK, 111 B'way, N. Y.

At New England Society dinner some years ago, Mark Twain had just finished a piquant address when Mr. Evarts arose, shoved both his hands down into his trousers pockets, as was his habit, and laughingly remarked:

"Doesn't it strike this company as a little unusual that a professional humorist should be funny?"

Mark Twain waited until the laughter excited by this sally had subsided, and then drawled out:

"Doesn't it strike this company as a little unusual that a lawyer should have his hands in his own pockets?"—*Argonaut*.

Prince of Wales's favorite wine,
de LOSSY-HOLDEN CHAMPAGNE.

THERE was a good deal of amusement at one time at the expense of Wellman, the Yankee Arctic explorer, over the disingenuous remark of his wife, who being asked, when the report came of the loss of the expedition, whether she was not uneasy, replied, "Oh, no, not at all. Mr. Wellman told me not to worry over any such reports, as he would be very likely to start them himself as an advertisement."

—*Wave*.

ROYAL SERVICE TO FLORIDA.

The Pennsylvania, Southern F. C. & P., Florida East Coast Railways offer the most perfect service New York to Florida. In addition to the two limited trains now in operation, leaving New York 4.20 p. m. and 12.10 a. m. daily with through sleeping-car service to Charlotte, N. C., commencing January 17, the Florida Limited will be resumed, leaving New York 12.10 noon, reaching St. Augustine the following day for lunch. For further particulars address New York offices, 271 and 353 Broadway.

THE Duke of Wellington was Prince of Waterloo, though he never called himself so, and had many other titles, for which he once had to pay dear. He told a man to order dinner for him at a particular hotel, and the man did so, mentioning all the duke's titles. Presently the duke came and waited a long time.

"Is the dinner not coming?" he asked. "Why don't you bring the dinner?"

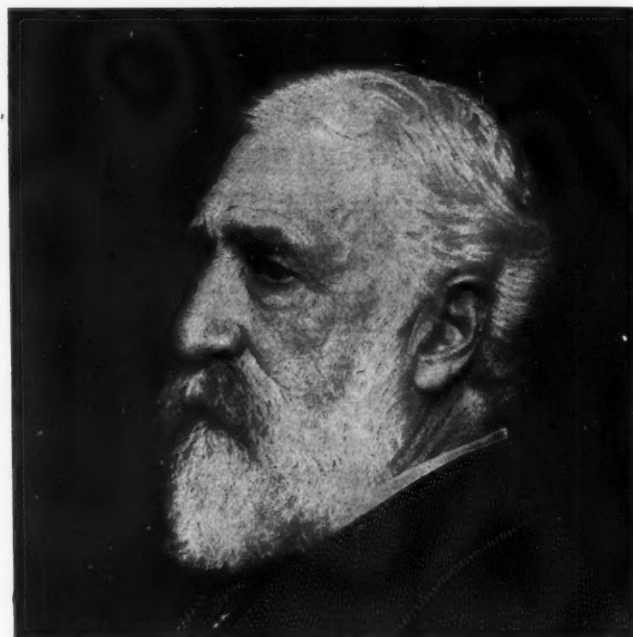
"We are waiting," replied the waiter, "for the rest of the party."

They had prepared dinner for about twenty people.—*Argonaut*.

HALL'S HAIR RENEWER



GIVES LENGTH AND LUSTRE



THE WARNER LIBRARY ABOUT COMPLETED.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER'S monumental undertaking is almost finished. The great Library is all but done.

Its preparation has been a wonderful task. Think what is here accomplished. The most distinguished scholars, thinkers, and writers of France, England, and America have been brought together to write the fascinating interpretative and explanatory studies which accompany the sections devoted to each of the masters of the world's literature. Every essay has been written by the one man now living most competent to portray the personality and work of the author whom he treats.

These essays, a thousand in number, constitute the most delightful and most instructive presentation of the greater literature of every epoch and of every race.


If you were the possessor of this splendid Library, consider the endless hours of recreation and enjoyment you might gain from its pages the coming year.

What an inspiration and uplift might come from devoting no more than half an hour a day to following the literature of one great nation after another, from the Roman and the Greek down to the most notable writers of our own time.

Remember that the arrangement with Harper's Weekly Club whereby the Library is now offered at a reduced price and under special terms will soon be ended. When the Library is complete, the opportunity you now have will no longer be open. The introductory work of the Club will be ended, and the regular subscription canvass will begin.

In view of this approaching event, the special price at which the work is now obtainable will be advanced on February 1st. If you wish to place in your home the most perfect library of literature that has ever been made, it is certainly to your interest to act now.

A postal card, addressed to Harper's Weekly Club, 93 Fifth Avenue, New York, will secure full information, both as to the Club arrangement and the Library itself.



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DON'T let Whisky get the best of you.

Get the BEST of Whisky, which is the
GENUINE DISTILLERY BOTTLING of

Old Pepper Whisky

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SAMPLE CASE, \$15.00 Sent on trial, which, if not satisfactory, can be
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Read and save the Coupons on Old Pepper Whisky and Old Henry Clay Rye, and
see who gets the \$5,000 in addition to the \$1.00 per dozen.

What lines of Tennyson does this picture illustrate?



Title of Poem.....
 The lines illustrated }
 by this picture }
 Name and address of sender.....

Fill out and return above to "Pegasus," care of Life, New York.

Life's "Pegasus" Contest.

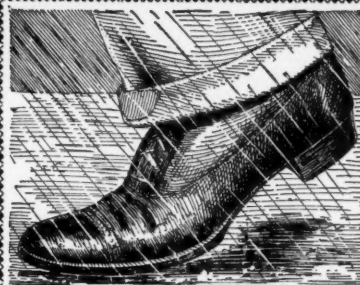
1. The May Queen.
2. The Miller's Daughter.
3. Ode to Memory.
4. Circumstance.
5. The Grandmother.
6. Enoch Arden.
7. Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue.
8. The Talking Oak.
9. The Two Voices.
10. The Brook.

If among these ten poems written by Alfred Tennyson you find what you believe to be the lines for which this picture was made, fill out the coupon and return to "Pegasus," in care of LIFE. All envelopes received will be opened on January 15th.

To the person whose envelope contains the correct guess will be given two hundred dollars. Should there be others whose guesses are correct, the two hundred dollars will be divided among all the winners.

There is no restriction with regard to the number of guesses made by each contestant, the only condition being that a coupon, properly filled out, be returned in each case.

The announcement of the winner will be made in LIFE's issue of January 27th.



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gives new life to old leather. Best for children's shoes, women's shoes, men's shoes—best for any kind of leather. Prepared by the makers of the famous Vici Kid. Sold by all dealers. A valuable illustrated book about your shoes and their care, mailed free.



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Steamers arrive Jacksonville in morning, connecting with all outgoing trains

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 Good for Young and Old.
 At all dealers or sent on receipt of 5 cents in stamps.
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THE PENSION ROLL
INCREASING EVERY YEAR, I FLOW
WITH SCARCELY AN ENDEAVOR.
FOR MEN MAY COME AND MEN MAY GO,
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Accessible location, excellent table, prompt service.

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Sparkling in Brilliance
Creamy in Head
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No harmful acids
No false ferments
No yeast cells
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Clubs, Hotels, Cafes,
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Nervous? TRY

VIN MARIANI

"MARIANI WINE"

The Ideal French Tonic
FOR BODY AND BRAIN

Since 1863, Endorsed by Medical Faculty

immediate lasting efficacious agreeable

"Plus de Maux de Dents"
(No more Toothache.)

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ELIXIR
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The best that money can buy, that science can produce. Promotes perfect hygiene of the mouth and throat, and in the Elixir form will absolutely cure toothache. * Send three cents for sample.

BÉNÉDICTINS' DENTIFRICES, 24 and 26 White St., New York.

The Improved
Boston Garter
Easy and Secure.
Extra Super Webs.
Finest Nickel Trimmings.

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CUSHION BUTTON
— CLASP —
Lies flat to the leg.
Cannot Unfasten
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SOLD EVERYWHERE
Sample pair
by Silk & Cotton
Mail, P.O. Box 1604,
GEORGE FROST CO., BOSTON, MASS.



A Cold Contracted Now
may "hang on" all winter
if not attended to promptly.
Keep a supply of

OLD CROW RYE

on hand, use it with water at your meals, also a stiff glass when going to bed, and you will be glad you took our advice. It's the best in the world. Buy only of reliable dealers.

H. B. KIRK & CO.,

69 Fulton Street,

Also Broadway and 27th Street.

Agents for the Pleasant Valley Wine Co.



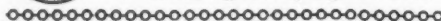
A
Smith & Wesson Revolver
in your bedroom
is even better than a nerve tonic.



Descriptive Catalogue.

SMITH & WESSON,

10 Stockbridge St., Springfield, Mass.



That Name
on the Box
guarantees the contents to be the most delicious product of candy making skill. Always ask for

Whitman's
Chocolates and Confections

Sold everywhere.

Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate is perfect in flavor and quality, delicious and healthful. Made instantly with boiling water.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON,
1816 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Hunter Baltimore Rye
The American Gentleman's Whiskey.

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YEARS
OLD

Perfectly Matured and Mellow
Rich, Pure Flavor.

Tonical and Restorative,
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At all
First-Class Cafes
and
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